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THE BRITISH NAVY.

SIXTH ARTICLE. A NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL DESCRIBED.

"We have strict statutes and most biting laws—
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds."

SHAKESPEARE.

COURTS-MARTIAL differ in many respects from ordinary courts of justice, and the forms of Military are somewhat dissimilar from the Naval proceedings. In describing the latter it is not our purpose to enter into a lengthened detail of the statutes or customs by which their jurisdiction is claimed and governed, but the reader will expect that we should state generally, under what authority this tribunal is constituted.

The Articles of War are clear and explicit, and embrace nearly every offence which a person in the fleet can commit, prohibiting what is wrong, and assigning the punishment and penalty for each transgression; according to the maxim of the best writers on jurisprudence, that "it is but labour lost to say 'do this, or avoid that,' unless the consequence of non-compliance be also declared."*

The commander of every ship is, therefore, not only strictly enjoined to cause the articles of war to be constantly exhibited in a place accessible to the crew, but also, to take care that they be read over at least once in every month, in presence of the whole ship's company, specially assembled for that purpose. Minor offences, not included in the articles of war, and for which no punishment is ordered to be inflicted, are directed to be dealt with according to the laws and customs in such cases used at sea, namely at the discretion of the captain.

The articles of war, as originally framed, (13 Charles II. cap. 9. amended by 22 George II., cap. 33.) were very sanguinary, and although the penalty assigned to various crimes has been mitigated by subsequent enactments, and a greater latitude permitted to the Court in assigning the punishment for a proved offence, they are still too vindictive, and often, no doubt, like all laws bearing that character, defeat the very purpose they have in view.

The lamented fate of Admiral Byng called for the revision of the 12th article of war, under which that unfortunate officer suffered.—As originally framed it ran thus:—

"Every person in the fleet, who, through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall in time of action withdraw, or keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage; and to assist and relieve all and every of his Majesty's ships or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist and relieve: every such person so offending, and being convicted thereof by sentence of a Court-martial, shall suffer death."†

Although the Court acquitted the Admiral of cowardice or disaffection, the most odious and heaviest branches of this article,

* Blackstone.

† By 19 George III. cap. 17. this and other articles were amended thus:—

"Whereas the restraining of the power of the Court-martial to the inflicting of the punishment of death in the several cases recited, &c. may be attended with great hardship and inconvenience: be it enacted &c. that it shall be lawful in the several cases recited in the said clauses, for the Court-martial to pronounce sentence of death, or to inflict such other punishment as the nature and degree of the offence shall be found to deserve."

they found him guilty of the latter part, in the following words:—
"As that article (the 12th) positively prescribes death, without any alternative left to the discretion of the Court, under any variation of circumstances, the Court do therefore unanimously adjudge the said Admiral John Byng to be shot to death."

The members of the Court-martial, aware of the hardship of the case, used every endeavour, by a strong expression of their opinions in the body of their decision, and by subsequent proceedings, to obtain a mitigation of the sentence, but without effect.* It was necessary, in order to satisfy public clamour, that a victim should be offered; the twelve judges, to whose consideration the case was submitted, confirmed the legality of the sentence, and it was carried into effect on the 14th of March, 1757.

Although somewhat of a digression, we could scarcely, whilst on the subject of Courts-martial, omit a notice of Admiral Byng's case; an event which produced the greatest sensation in the country and the naval service at the time. Rear-admiral Temple West, then in command of a squadron at Spithead under sailing orders, addressed a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty, expressing his feelings of the injustice of the sentence in strong terms, and requesting permission to resign his command; and Admiral Forbes, a member of the Board of Admiralty, refused to sign the warrant for execution, and retired from office, publishing strong and manly reasons for his conduct, the justice of which was not long after freely acknowledged, when the prejudice created against the unfortunate officer had passed away.

The authority under which Courts-martial are held is of very ancient date, and it is recognized by various statutes consolidated into the one already alluded to (22 George II., cap. 33) under which it is provided, "that no Court-martial shall consist of more than thirteen, nor less than five members,† to be composed of such flag officers, captains, or commanders, then and there present, as are next in seniority to the officer who presides at the Court-martial."‡ It also provides, "that, when more than five ships are assembled in foreign parts, the officer next in command to the commander-in-chief shall preside at the Court-martial."§

Regimental and military Courts-martial are composed of officers

* They addressed the following letter to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"We the undersigned, the president and members of the Court-martial assembled for the trial of Admiral Byng, believe it unnecessary to inform your lordships, that in the whole course of this long trial, we have done our utmost endeavour to come at truths, and do the strictest justice to our country and the prisoner: but we cannot help laying the distresses of our minds before your lordships on this occasion, in finding ourselves under a necessity of condemning a man to death from the great severity of the 12th article of war, part of which he falls under, and which admits of no mitigation, even if it should be committed by an error in judgment only; and therefore, for our conscience sake, as well as in justice to the prisoner, we pray your lordships, in the most earnest manner, to recommend him to His Majesty's clemency.

"We are, &c."

(Signed by all the members of the Court.)

"H.M.S. St. George, Portsmouth Harbour, 24th January, 1757."

† Prior to the passing of this Act, in 1740, thirteen was the minimum number, the maximum being only limited by the number of officers present, but this was attended with inconvenience.

‡ Section 12th.

§ Section 7th.

of different grades, from the general to the subaltern, but naval Courts-martial never include a lower rank than commanders (equal to majors in the army); and it has been frequently urged in objection to these tribunals, that persons of inferior degree, accused of crimes, have not the advantage which the constitution recognizes in other Courts, of being tried by their peers or equals.

The observation of the cook is adduced, who, when deprived of his warrant, declared that had he been tried by a Court of cooks, instead of captains, his fate would have been different; and instances have certainly happened, in times gone by, where captains are supposed to have been influenced in favour of their own grade. All things considered, we do not think that the composition of the Court would be amended or rendered more impartial by admitting officers of inferior rank; and as for common seamen, their habits, education, and subordinate situations, totally unfit them for the office of judges, particularly under circumstances when their free opinions would assuredly be controlled by the presence of their superiors.

The authority of Courts-martial extends to all offences committed upon the sea, or in havens, creeks, &c. subject to the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, by persons of every description, soldiers as well as sailors, in actual service and full pay, in the fleets or ships of her Majesty; and also to the crimes of mutiny, desertion, or disobedience to lawful command, in any part of her Majesty's dominions *on shore*, when in actual service relative to the fleet; and under certain circumstances on shore *out of* her Majesty's dominions.* Also to vessels commissioned by letters of marque, as Indianen generally used to be, but not to hired victuallers or transports: the attempt to bring these latter under the cognizance of Courts-martial having been decided in the negative by the law officers of the crown in 1791, in the case of the crew of the Plymouth transport, charged with embezzling stores.

But no officer on half pay is subject to the jurisdiction of a Court-martial; and no person can be tried for any offence unless the complaint be made in writing, and a Court-martial ordered within three years after the offence shall have been committed, or within one year after the return of the ship to which the offender belongs into any of the ports of Great Britain or Ireland, or within one year after the return of such offender.†

There is no law or regulation to limit the time that a person can be kept under arrest awaiting his trial, because it is impossible in the naval service to calculate on the period that ships can be conveniently assembled for the purpose of forming a Court. It often happens that close confinement in warm climates before the trial, is a greater punishment than the Court adjudges for the offence. In the army the time is limited to eight days, or until a Court-martial can be conveniently assembled.

Occasionally, but to the credit of the naval service be it stated, but seldom, a necessity for Court-martial arises. It is hardly ever resorted to until all other means have failed, such as invaliding, exchanging, or applying to be superseded, when disagreement upon points of service occur between a captain and his officers. We believe, under present circumstances, this extreme course is never appealed to unless in very flagrant cases, or when brought about by the obstinacy of the parties in fault. It is a well understood thing, that if a junior officer exhibits charges against his superior, which he fails to substantiate, his prospects may be considered as ruined in the Navy; and there is good reason for discountenancing any attempts to dispute the authority of the captain of a ship in a service, the very essence of whose discipline is implicit obedience.

When a necessity arises for Court-martial, the person making the complaint on which it is intended to be founded, addresses a letter to the commander-in-chief of the fleet or squadron to which the ship belongs, setting forth the nature of the charges, the when and the where, &c. with the request that a Court-martial may be ordered. Should one of the officers make the charges, the letter must be transmitted to the captain, with the request that he will be pleased to forward it, and the admiral, or Admiralty if the matter occurs at home, gives the necessary directions for assembling a sufficient number of ships, or if that cannot conveniently be done on a foreign station, the ship is ordered to England with the prosecutor, prisoner, and witnesses on board, so as to bring the matter to issue as soon as possible, particularly if the

charge is of such a nature as to render close confinement of the prisoner necessary, which is always attended with inconvenience on board a ship.

It is not imperative, however, upon the superior authorities to order a Court-martial, because such a step may, at an unseasonable time, be prejudicial to the service; in the case, for instance, of a junior officer bringing charges against his commander when in the execution of some important duty; under such circumstances it is usual to postpone, and sometimes refuse it altogether, unless there appears good reason for granting it, without injury to the public service.

Since the appointment of commanders to serve under captains in line-of-battle ships, the question has been mooted as to whether these officers are eligible under the provisions of the Act to sit as members of a Court-martial; for although their rank entitles them, it is argued that not being in command of ships, they were neither contemplated for members when the Act was passed, nor defined as such. It is said that the sentence of a Court-martial so constituted, held at Halifax in 1835, upon a talented young officer,* was disputed, and intended to be brought under the consideration of the Courts of Law, or what would have been of worse consequence, actions for damages commenced against the members, had not the Admiralty restored that gentleman to his rank, the charges against him being, in fact, but trivial, and the Court to all appearance not fairly constituted. However this may be, as much difference of opinion exists, it behoves the authorities to place the matter beyond dispute, either by amending the Act, or obtaining the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, and publishing it, if favourable to the present practice.†

Besides the foregoing point, there are various matters which the subtlety of lawyers have never failed to involve in doubt, connected with the practice or proceedings of Courts-martial; and as these only occur when officers of rank and wealth, who are able to employ the best legal talent, are submitted to the inquisition, it is highly desirable that some plain and definite rules should be established for the government of these tribunals, so as to place the members beyond the consequence of doubt or errors, which tend to involve them in serious responsibilities.

When the Secretary of the Admiralty has submitted the letter demanding a Court-martial to the Board, or the commander-in-chief on a foreign station decides on ordering one to be assembled, a letter is addressed to the officer selected to preside, being his precept or commission for holding the Court, and the commander-in-chief (the senior officer) issues memorandums or notices to the flag-officers and captains of the squadron, announcing that a Court-martial will be held on board of a particular ship, on a stated day, and ordering them to attend in full or undress uniform, as the case may be. He also notifies the president, and the captain of the ship wherein the Court-martial is to be held, to make proper arrangements.

The president appoints a judge-advocate by warrant under his hand and seal; it is the duty of this gentleman to take minutes of the proceedings, to administer oaths, and to inform the Court upon points of practice or questions of law that may arise during the trial. He is allowed 8s. per diem during the time the Court-martial lasts, and as he has matters to attend to connected with the inquest, before and after the sitting, he is always allowed ten days' expenses, or £4, although the Court-martial is finished in one day. This stipend is totally inadequate to compensate a gentleman who has been at the pains and expense to qualify himself for an office, on his efficiency in which depends that harmony of motion so necessary to constitute a regular court.

The provost-martial is also appointed under the president's warrant, and has the custody of the prisoner until he is released by due course of law. His allowance is 4s. per diem.

It is part of the business of the judge-advocate to give the person accused timely notice of his intended trial, and to obtain from him, as well as the prosecutor, a list of witnesses intended to be called, in order that they may be duly summoned. The notices must be given at least twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the Court-martial to be held.

* Lieutenant Maw, of the President.

† It has always been the custom for a flag-officer and captain, although serving in the same ship, to sit as members of the same Court, and as commanders are eligible for members, it is argued that no prejudice can arise by these also being admitted, although serving with captains. The original Act of 13 Charles II., upon which all subsequent regulations appear to have been founded, says that Courts-martial shall consist of commanders and captains, meaning evidently commanders of the first, second, and third posts, which includes flag-officers and commanders.

* By the 35th article of war, enacted in 1748, at the suggestion of Lord Anson, in consequence of the crew of the *Wager*, one of the ships of his expedition, having refused to acknowledge the authority of their officers after the ship was lost.

† 22 George II., cap. 33. sec. 23.

When all these matters are performed, and the day of trial arrives, the ship selected (in England, generally the flag-ship,) fires a gun at eight o'clock in the morning, and hoists the union jack at the mizen-peak (the place from which the ensign is at other times exhibited). This is the signal for a Court-martial to assemble, and the captains are rowed on board in their barges, and arrive before nine, which is generally the hour appointed for the proceedings to commence.

The place in which the Court usually assembles is the fore-cabin, a space extending across the deck from side to side. A long table is laid out, covered with green cloth, and, opposite to each chair, pens, ink, and paper are placed for the use of the members. The president takes his seat on the starboard side of the ship at the head of the table, and the prosecutor is stationed behind him; facing the president, at the bottom, is the judge-advocate, and the members are ranged on each side according to their seniority, the highest in rank being on the right hand of the president, the next on his left, and so on in succession, right and left, reaching to the bottom.

The prisoner, who we will suppose to be one of the lieutenants of his ship, has been up to this time under arrest,—if at large, not doing any duty, nor appearing on the quarter-deck,—or confined to his cabin under charge of a sentry; according to the nature of the offence. He is now brought into Court in custody of the provost-martial, who stands over him with a drawn sword during the whole time of trial. The prisoner always appears dressed in full uniform, out of respect to the Court, and his sword is laid on the table: he takes his place to the left of the judge-advocate, and, if attended by counsel, he is accommodated with a table, chairs, and writing materials, by permission of the president. The list of witnesses is then called over, they are ordered into Court, and the public is admitted.

The judge-advocate then rises, reads in an audible voice the warrant for assembling the Court-martial, and other documents, calls over the names of the members, and administers to each of them an oath, to the effect that they shall duly administer justice according to the articles of war, without partiality, favour, or affection, and in cases not defined by the aforesaid articles, to the best of their ability, and not disclose or discover the opinion of any member, unless thereunto required by act of parliament.

It is usual for three or four members to lay their hands together on the evangelists, unless there be a book provided for each, and all together to repeat the words of the oath solemnly after the judge-advocate, who is also sworn by the president not to disclose or discover the opinions of the members.

The charge is next read, and all the witnesses but the first being ordered to withdraw, and to be kept, pending the trial, from communicating with each other, his examination is taken after he has been sworn as follows:—

“I, A B, do most solemnly swear that in the evidence I shall give before the Court respecting the present trial, whether demanded of me by question or not, and whether favourable or unfavourable to the prisoner, I shall declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: So help me God.”

If a Roman Catholic, the witness is sworn on the cross, and according to the form of his religion, whatever it may be, for persons of all creeds are admitted to give evidence.

The station of the witness under examination is to the right of the judge-advocate, and the interrogation begins by the prosecutor questioning him for the purpose of substantiating the charges. The question generally put, after he has answered as to his being present at time and place, is “Relate to the Court what you saw or heard.” All the evidence is taken down by the judge-advocate in writing, and it greatly facilitates the proceedings when the prosecutor, the Court, or the prisoner, hands to him on a slip of paper the question proposed, not only because it saves him the necessity of writing it down, and afterwards repeating it to the witness, but the witness has no time for meditating on the answer, in case he may be disposed to give his evidence partially.

After the examination in chief by the prosecutor, the questions propounded by the Court, and cross-examination by the prisoner, is ended, the evidence is read over to the witness, if he requires it, and he is at liberty to correct it, if not satisfied of its accuracy. He is then ordered to withdraw, another is called, and so on in succession, until the case for the prosecution is closed. It often happens that the prisoner craves of the Court some little time, generally until the following morning, to prepare his defence, and if unprovided with a legal adviser, he is usually assisted in draw-

ing up his statement by the judge-advocate*. The same forms are gone through on the following morning, except swearing the Court, the prisoner now examining the witnesses in chief, and the prosecutor cross-examining. Testimonials both written and oral as to character are produced, and the defence being closed, the Court is cleared, and the doors closed, in order that the members may deliberate on the sentence.

The judge-advocate now reads over the whole of the minutes of the Court-martial, dwelling on every point of the evidence; and when that is done, the members of the Court vote as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, beginning with the junior member, and proceeding up to the president. If, upon a division, the votes are equal, the point is reconsidered; and if there is an equality of opinions upon the main charge, the favourable construction is adopted. The president of naval Courts-martial has only a single vote like the other members.

When this is settled, the judge-advocate draws up the sentence, which is signed by all the members of the Court, notwithstanding that the opinions are not unanimous, for the document receives its force and validity from the judgment of the majority. It is countersigned by the judge-advocate: the Court is then opened, the prisoner and the witnesses brought in, and the sentence read, all the members appearing with their hats on.

The form of the sentence, after the preamble, runs thus:—“Having strictly examined the evidence in support of the charge, as well as heard what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and very maturely weighed and considered the same, the Court is of opinion, that the charge [is proved, or proved in part, or not proved, as the case may be]; and do therefore adjudge,” &c.

If the prisoner is acquitted, the president, in returning him his sword, generally addresses a few words of congratulation on the event, and his hope that he will continue to merit the good opinion of his brother officers and superiors, notwithstanding what has occurred. If the sentence is unfavourable, and, as mostly happens under such circumstances, the prisoner is dismissed the service, nothing more is said, he is withdrawn in custody of the provost-martial, his commission cancelled from that day, and his name removed from the Navy List.

When the Court-martial is finished, the union-jack, which, up to that time, had been exhibited from eight in the morning to the hour of adjourning the Court each day, is hauled down, and all things resume their ordinary appearance.

It has not happened for many years that a commissioned officer of the Navy has fallen under a charge affecting his life; the last we recollect was the unfortunate case of Lieutenant Gamage, who was executed in the Downs in 1812, for the murder of a sergeant of marines, whom he had been provoked to stab in a fit of passion, produced by the malicious behaviour of the man. We may probably take occasion in the course of these papers, when treating on punishments in general, to describe the forms adopted on these melancholy occasions, where the extremity of the law is put in execution.

We shall in our next describe minutely the nature and capability of the ship's armament; after that the mode of paying the advance, and then proceed to sea.

SEBASTOPOL.

THE port is magnificent; nature has done everything for it. The entrance of its deep roadstead is about seven hundred fathoms in breadth, wide enough to facilitate navigation, and allow vessels to tack, but sufficiently narrow to break the force of the sea and admit of easy defence. It is protected by batteries mounting three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, to which eighteen mortars *à la Paixhans* are about to be added, and could not be forced. This entrance leads to several inner havens, formed by different creeks, or valleys, abutting on the principal valley, which offer sailors a choice of the most advantageous anchorage, according to the circumstances of the season. There is good holding-ground everywhere, and an equal depth of water up to the very shore. One might compare it to a tree, whose branches taper to a point. It is a repetition of what is seen at Malta, only that the channel is broader and the harbour more extensive; indeed, it could accommodate a fleet consisting of a limitless number of vessels.—*Russian Expeditions against the Circassians.*

* It may seem strange that the judge-advocate, who appears in the light of a prosecutor for the Crown, should assist the prisoner in his defence; the object, however, of a Court-martial is to arrive at the truth, and therefore it becomes the duty of the judge-advocate to bring forward all the proofs he can procure.

THE DEATH OF ATTILA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

THE fertile plains of Gaul lay waste, and her horror-stricken inhabitants saw no means of defence against the barbarian army of one who made the princes of the eastern and western empire of Rome tremble at his name: the cruel Attila, so justly termed "The Scourge of God," who for a season was permitted by divine justice to ravage the most civilised countries of Europe, like some deadly pestilence sent on earth as a warning and a punishment for the crimes of mortals.

Already the king of the Huns had reached the heart of Gaul, his progress marked by ruin and desolation, for it was a saying worthy of his ferocious pride, "that the grass never grew on the spot where Attila's horse had trod!" The places where populous cities and happy villages once lay, were only to be known by mingled bodies of every age and sex strewn around, a few smoking ruins, or a solitary spire. In the unhappy city of Metz, the Church of St. Stephen was the only building that Attila left, to show where it had once stood; and now, after a long and laborious march, he fixed his camp under the walls of Orleans, relying on the secret invitation of Sangiban, king of the Alani, who had promised to betray the city, and to revolt from the service of the empire. But this treacherous conspiracy was detected and disappointed. Orleans had been strengthened with recent fortifications, and the fierce assaults of the Huns were vigorously repulsed by the faithful valour of the brave soldiers and citizens, who defended the place. Their bishop, Anianous, a prelate of primitive sanctity and unshaken courage, with an eloquence that seemed almost that of inspiration, endeavoured to support the spirits of the garrison, until the arrival of expected succour: but after an obstinate siege, the walls were shaken by the battering-rams of the Huns, and the women and children, with the old men and persons incapable of bearing arms, lay prostrate in prayer. So well known was the ruthless cruelty of Attila's soldiery, that mothers rushed with their newly-born infants to the baptismal font, desirous of having them dedicated to Heaven, ere one common massacre involved themselves, their babes, and the priests who served at the altar. Still, notwithstanding the urgent danger, the pious Anianous walked amidst the people with an unflinching step, telling them to rely firmly on the merciful God, who had hitherto preserved them, and all would yet be well; for He never forsook, in the hour of danger, those who had always remembered him in prosperity.

Beside Anianous, whilst he uttered those words of consolation, walked a young and beautiful girl, whose full blue eyes, fair complexion, and lofty stature, would have marked her as a descendant of the Franks, were it not that luxuriant dark hair, an aquiline nose, and a cast of features that was almost commanding, showed that she might also lay claim to Roman origin. Her father, a brave Roman knight, when expiring from the wounds received in a battle dearly won, left his infant daughter, Serena, and her mother, Thorismonda, to the care of his brother, Anianous. Thorismonda, whose beauty had first fixed the attention of her husband, when she was captured on the banks of her native Rhine, and whose amiable disposition had induced him to make her his bride, did not long require the care of the good bishop, but, pining in silent sorrow for the loss of her husband, only survived him a few months. Serena, however, lived to be the happiness of her uncle's old age; and whilst in this hour of danger, she went through the city, imitating his example, encouraging the faint-hearted, praying with them, giving directions for the relief of the wounded, and even attending to them herself, she seemed so exquisitely lovely, that she might have been mistaken for a being superior to humanity, were it not for a shade of deep anxiety, amounting almost to anguish, that might at times be seen to cloud her features, and which told too plainly she was not exempt from the griefs of mortals. And well might those looks express anxiety: that morning her betrothed lover, Gaudentius, a young and noble Roman, had been made prisoner in a sally against the Huns. Nothing but a sense of duty supported Serena against the blow; she knew that if the wretchedness she inwardly felt were to appear, it would dishearten still more the women of the city, who looked up to her as to a guiding star, and their terrors might enervate the courage of the soldiers who defended them, even as the women of Carthage had awakened in *her* garrison a courage almost superhuman.

But now the lofty walls were shattered to their foundation, and breaches would too soon appear. Anianous, who had anxiously counted the days and hours, despatched a trusty messenger to

observe from the rampart the face of the distant country. He returned twice without any intelligence that could inspire hope or comfort; but in his third report he mentioned a small cloud which he had faintly descried at the verge of the horizon. "It is the aid of God!" exclaimed the bishop, in a tone of pious confidence, and the whole multitude repeated after him, "It is the aid of God!" That remote object was indeed the impatient squadrons of Ætius, the Roman general, and of Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, pressing forward in deep and close array to the relief of Orleans.

These words, which almost prophesied their arrival, were the last Serena ever heard her uncle utter: the next instant they were surrounded by a crowd of barbarians, whose misshapen figures and uncouth features would have been terrific in their mildest mood, but now that they were animated by the thirst of blood, and every evil passion, gave them the appearance of those demons from whom they were fabled to have sprung. The grey hairs of Anianous, and the unresisting majesty of his aspect, were no protection; Serena saw a bloody sword descend on his venerable brow, and he sank fainting to the earth.

When she returned to a miserable consciousness, it was to find herself in a kind of waggon, in which were several other female captives, whose beauty, or whose rich apparel, which spoke a rank likely to procure a considerable ransom, rendered them worth the trouble of transporting, in the retreat which the policy of Attila deemed advisable on the arrival of the Roman and Gothic forces before Orleans. His caution made him dread even the possibility of defeat whilst in the heart of Gaul; he had therefore sounded the retreat for his disappointed troops just as they had begun the pillage of the city. The Huns having passed to the rear by the vanguard of the Romans, and reached the smooth and level surface of the plain of Châlons, which was well adapted to the operations of the Scythian cavalry, anxiously endeavoured to reach a considerable eminence that commanded the surrounding country, the importance of which was well understood by the generals of each army; but they were anticipated by the young and valiant son of Theodoric, who, leading his troops first to the summit, rushed with irresistible weight on the Huns, who laboured to ascend it on the opposite side, and the possession of this advantageous post inspired the Roman and Gothic army with a fair assurance of victory.

It was at this moment that the anxiety of Attila led him to consult his priests and haruspices to learn the event of the approaching battle. And the scene which presented itself to the eyes of Serena, whose litter had been drawn close enough to observe it, was one of thrilling interest. An altar had been composed of faggots hastily piled to an enormous height, and surmounted by the famous sword, placed in an upright position, which had been presented to Attila by a shepherd, who, seeing a heifer wounded in the foot, followed the track of her blood till he discovered the point of an ancient weapon rising from the earth, which he dug from it with superstitious awe. The artful prince received it with every demonstration of pious gratitude, as the sword of Mars; and as the possessor of this celestial gift, he asserted his indefeasible claim to the dominion of the entire earth beneath the symbol of his tutelary deity. Attila stood surrounded by his white-robed priests and augurs, his large head, swarthy complexion, small deep-seated black eyes, flat nose, and thin-scattered beard, gave him an aspect that scarcely deserved the name of human: yet his broad shoulders, and short square body, though as disproportioned as his features, spoke of nervous and enduring strength, whilst the haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns, seemed to express a consciousness of superiority above the rest of mankind. Yet he—the scourge of nations—often trembled inwardly from superstitious dread, and now with earnest looks beheld the progress of his bloody rites. Sheep, oxen, horses, the best and most faultless that could be procured, had bled beneath the ruthless symbol, when the chief priest waved aloft his blood-stained hand, and a numerous band of Roman and Gallic captives were led forward, their noble features and graceful forms strongly contrasting with the deformed and hideous crew that guarded them. Slowly the haruspice counted the prisoners as they passed before him, then touching the hundredth captive with a long wand, ornamented with strange carvings, he was placed near the altar. He had thus selected ten, when, as another file advanced, the trembling Serena recognised amongst the number Gaudentius—her own brave, noble Gaudentius, to whom in another month she was to have been united, now standing before the bloody altar of a Pagan god, ready to fall a sacrifice to his abominable worship. She tried in vain to precede the priest in

his sanguinary calculation; but a mist was before her eyes—she could not count—then she closed them, wondering she had not relapsed into insensibility, and offered up a fervent prayer for his preservation—it was heard, for when she again dared to look, the fatal wand had touched a captive within two of Gaudentius! Fifty of the hapless prisoners were now ranged beside the altar, and the horrible rites were continued by their unresisted slaughter. One by one they fell beneath the sacrificial knife, whilst the priests chanted in a monotonous tone the following words:—

"Sword of the Delty, before thee lie
The chosen victims—streams of precious gore
Have curled around thee—now we close the rites,
We seek thine augury. Oh hear our prayer,
Thou that partak'st the spirit of the God
That wielded thee! and show us signs
Propitious to our arms. So at thy shrine,
Chosen from the approaching field of death, shall bleed
The fairest, bravest, noblest of the race
That dares oppose thy worshippers."

But three prisoners at length remained, the loftiest in stature and the fairest in countenance of all the number, they had been selected as the victims from whom the auguries were to be drawn. Whilst life yet quivered in their limbs, after they had received their death stroke, the chief priest cut off the right arm of each, and tossing it on the pile, marked with eager eyes the manner of its descent. The disgusting and detestable ceremony was then concluded in a manner worthy of its commencement, by scrutinising into the entrails of the victims, and closely examining even their bones, from which the hands of Attila himself cleared away the flesh. At length the monarch was told in mysterious language to expect a defeat in the approaching battle. But nothing could daunt his savage courage: he harangued his troops with more than usual animation, and when, at length, hardly conquered in the conflict which ensued, a conflict fierce, various, obstinate, and bloody, he retired with his soldiers within the circle of waggons that fortified the camp, and collecting the saddles and rich furniture of the cavalry, heaped them into a funeral pile, determining, if his entrenchments should be forced, to set fire to it, and, by rushing headlong into the flames, deprive his enemies of the glory and satisfaction they might acquire by the death or captivity of Attila. But it was not the will of Heaven that he should as yet cease from ravaging the earth. His enemies were too much disabled, even by victory, to cope again with their formidable antagonist, who seemed like a lion encompassed in his den, and threatening his hunters with redoubled fury. The Huns were allowed to retreat unmolested beyond the Rhine; and neither the spirit nor the forces of Attila were diminished by his Gallic expedition.

Serena and two more of the fairest captives had been presented as slaves worthy to attend on Attila's favourite wife, Circa, who accompanied him in his expeditions, and who saw without repining several rivals given to her in his household, secure of the authority she would still retain as mother of his eldest son. She treated her numerous slaves, on whom she prided herself as being chiefly Romans of noble birth, with kindness, the principal employment of herself and her damsels being that of working the variegated embroidery which adorned the dress of the barbaric warriors; and Serena, captive though she was, felt deeply grateful to Heaven for having preserved her from a much worse fate, when she saw unhappy Christian maidens forced to become the wives of their savage captors.

Some months passed on thus, and Attila had advanced nearly to the gates of Rome, breathing vengeance against the devoted city, if the princess Honoria, sister of the emperor Valentinian, whose rich dowry excited his avarice, were not given to him in marriage. What an insult to the majesty of the queen of the world—imperial Rome! But the luxury and vices of her governors had gradually undermined her strength, and she, who once gave laws to the world, was now forced to receive them from a barbarian. An embassy was sent to the camp of Attila, offering to accede to his proposals within a certain time, provided he would evacuate Italy, and form a permanent peace with the empire. The Roman ambassadors were introduced into the tents of Attila, which were pitched by the banks of the softly-winding Mincius, whilst his Scythian cavalry trampled the farms of Catullus and Virgil. The Huns were ambitious of displaying their riches, which were the fruits and evidence of their victories; the trappings of their horses, their swords, and even their shoes, were studded with precious stones, which had once sparkled on the necks and arms of noble ladies, or adorned the swords and helmets of their husbands.

Their tables were profusely spread with golden plates, and vessels of gold and silver fashioned by the hands of Grecian artists. The monarch alone preserved the superior pride of adhering to the simplicity of his Scythian ancestors. The dress of Attila, his arms, and the furniture of his horse, were plain without ornament, and of a uniform colour; the royal table was served in wooden cups and platters, flesh was his only food, and the conqueror of the North never tasted the luxury of bread. He listened with favourable attention to the Roman ambassadors, and the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom or dowry of the princess Honoria. But the king of the Huns threatened to return, more dreadful and more implacable, if the bride were not delivered to his messengers within the time stipulated by the treaty. In the mean time, ere he returned to Scythia, he determined to add to the number of his wives a beautiful maiden named Ildico, and his marriage was to be celebrated with unusual magnificence. This young girl was a Vandal, whose entire family had been destroyed by circumstances of peculiar barbarity by Attila; her exquisite beauty had saved her life, and the Scythian monarch, who had been struck by it, had long intended to make her his wife. But shortly after her captivity she had been afflicted with a lingering disorder, that baffled the skill of the physicians of the camp, which contained many of different nations, who were always treated with respect, and who sometimes gained their liberty from the barbarians whom their art had succoured. Serena had, in happier days, made the healing art her principal study, and both from her uncle and her mother had learned many valuable medical secrets. She heard the illness of the beautiful Ildico much spoken of, and asked permission to see her. She was not long in discovering that her illness proceeded as much from mental as bodily causes. She endeavoured to breathe some consolation into her soul, but the unhappy girl at first seemed not to hear her, and then with a flashing eye and crimsoned cheek asked, what consolation there was for her, whose friends, parents, and lover were slaughtered before her eyes, "except," added she, "the glory of becoming the bride of Attila." These last words were uttered with a degree of bitterness and anguish combined, that drew tears from the eyes of Serena. She spoke to her of Christian patience and resignation. "I am not a Christian," exclaimed Ildico, "talk not to me of patience, but revenge! Young Christian maiden, there is in your voice and in those tears which you have shed for me, that which inspires me with a degree of confidence in you that I myself wonder at. I do not wish to die yet, though existence is a curse. Try your skill in restoring me to health; your reward shall be a rich one: for Attila will not refuse any recompense I may ask for her who shall restore to its former bloom this fatal beauty." From this time she was assiduously attended by Serena, who administered to her several medicines of her own preparing, and either from their virtue, or the wish to live that seemed once more to inspire her, in less than a month Ildico appeared well, and beautiful as ever. She became much attached to Serena, who endeavoured to impart to her some of the truths of Christianity; but humility, patience, and above all, forgiveness of our enemies, were doctrines to which she would not listen, or if she did, it was with impatience, as if fearful of being convinced.

The time was now fixed when Ildico was to become one of the many wives of Attila, it was shortly after his interview with the Roman ambassadors, and she told Serena to name her reward for the care bestowed in restoring her to health. Serena then confided to the grateful convalescent her own sad story, and said she only wished for her own liberty and that of Gaudentius, who she hoped might yet be in the camp. "If he yet lives, he shall be restored to you," exclaimed Ildico, "and I shall enjoy one moment of happiness in beholding yours." She then desired an interview with Attila, who instantly granted her request, and ordered that any Roman slaves in the camp who were named Gaudentius should appear. When Serena heard that six answered to the name, and amongst them she was to look for *Aer* Gaudentius, she could scarcely find strength sufficient to walk to the place where they were assembled, so much did she dread a disappointment. At length she ventured, threw back her veil, and the next instant was clasped to the heart of her long-lost lover, who little thought, when he was thus summoned, what happiness awaited him.

For the first time Serena saw a tear in the brilliant eye of Ildico, as she turned to thank her. "Happy Serena!" were the only words she uttered, and then retired. When Serena again sought her, she insisted on bestowing upon her the richest gifts which the magnificent presents of Attila had left at her disposal, and then requested that she and Gaudentius would not depart until the day succeeding her own nuptials. These took place in two days

from thence: Ildico, magnificently clad, and sparkling with royal jewels, was conducted to the tent of Attila by a numerous band of women, who walked in files, and held aloft veils of thin white linen, which formed a kind of canopy, beneath which walked the bride, surrounded by a chorus of young maidens, who chanted hymns and songs in the Scythian language. The marriage ceremony was succeeded by a gorgeous feast, celebrated with barbaric pomp and festivity; on its conclusion, the bride was led to her chamber, at the threshold of which she dismissed her attendants, and turning round, tenderly embraced Serena, who could hardly avoid shrinking and shuddering at the expression of her eyes—it was an almost indescribable mixture of haughty triumph, wildness, resolution, and despair. Yet dazzled by her beauty and splendid appearance, none had marked that fearful expression but Serena.

Attila indulged that night in wine, to a degree that was unusual in him, and was rather carried than led to his bridal chamber. His attendants were alarmed the next day by the unwonted length of his repose, and after attempting in vain to call him forth by loud and repeated cries, at last broke into the royal chamber, where they beheld the king stretched lifeless on the nuptial couch, bathed in the blood that flowed from a deep wound near the region of the heart. Beside the bed sat the bride wrapt in her veil, motionless as a statue, and still grasping firmly a small dagger stained to the very hilt with gore. She never spoke in answer to the questions put to her, and bore the tortures, to which the revenge of the Huns subjected her, with unshaken fortitude, dying with a smile of triumph on her lips.

The body of Attila was solemnly exposed under a silken pavilion in the midst of a plain, whilst a chosen squadron of the Huns wheeled around him in measured evolutions, chanting a funeral hymn to the memory of their hero, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world. The barbarians then cut off a part of their hair, and gashed their faces with unseemly wounds, bewailing their leader as they said he deserved, not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors. The remains of Attila were privately buried at night, enclosed in three coffins of gold, silver, and iron; a small river was turned from its course, a deep grave hollowed in its dry bed, the spoils of nations were thrown into it along with the royal body, the stream was allowed again to flow over it; and lest the spot should be known, and the sepulchre violated by avarice or revenge, every captive who had assisted in preparing it was inhumanly murdered, whilst the same Huns who had just shown such immoderate grief, feasted with dissolute and intemperate mirth on the banks of the river that flowed over and concealed the recent tomb of their monarch.

As the last acts of their king were held sacred, the liberty of Serena and Gaudentius was not disputed; they had no difficulty in leaving the camp, and returning to Orleans, found in their union a consolation for past sorrows, and spent a life of peace, and of still renewed and fervent gratitude to the divine power that had brought them through so many dangers into a haven of safe and happy rest; whilst they often reflected with pious awe on the inscrutable ways of Providence, which had first humbled the haughtiest of nations by the arm of a cruel barbarian, had permitted him to attain unlimited sway and power beyond all human control, and then, when his crimes and pride were at their height, in one instant, and by the weakest arm, had cut off from the face of the earth the unconquered Attila, "the scourge of God."

HOW TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

SIR HENRY FANSHAW had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with, and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would. He replied, "My lord, I have no thoughts of selling him but to serve you: I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him, and that shall be my price to you as I paid, being sixty pieces." My Lord Exeter said, "That's too much, but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty." To which he made no answer. Next day, my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces; but Sir Henry made answer, "That was the price he paid, and once had offered him, my lord, at; but not being accepted, the price was now eighty." At the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces. Sir Henry said, that, since my lord would not like him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces; and if he returned with less, he would not sell him at all. Upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces, and had the horse.—*Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LADY FANSHAW.

LADY FANSHAW, one of those noble-minded females whose characters are models for their sex, wrote a memoir of her life (in the year 1676,) for the instruction of her only surviving son, Sir Richard Fanshawe. The MS. of this work was preserved by her descendants; and at last was printed in 1829. From this publication, the following brief sketch is taken.

"Your father," says Lady Fanshawe, addressing her son, "was Sir Richard Fanshawe, knight and baronet, one of the masters of the requests, secretary of the Latin tongue, Burgess for the university of Cambridge, and one of his majesty's most honourable privy council of England and Ireland, and his majesty's ambassador to Portugal and Spain. He married me, the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, knight, of Balls, in the county of Hertford; he was married at thirty-five years of age, and lived with me twenty-three years and twenty-nine days, and lies buried in a new vault I purchased of Humphrey, lord bishop of London, in St. Mary's chapel of Ware, near his ancestors, over which I built him a monument."

Lady Fanshawe was born in London, in the year 1625. In her youth she was taught working all sorts of fine work with her needle, learning French, singing, the lute, virginals, and dancing. "Notwithstanding," she says, "I learned as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time; for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl. But to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight. Upon my mother's death I then began to reflect; and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me; and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I was ever ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life."

When the civil war broke out, Lady Fanshawe's father, Sir John Harrison, took the Royalist side; and, after being plundered of his property, went to Oxford in 1643, where the court then was. "My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him at Oxford; and we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience: for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak-bags. We had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together; always in want: yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness."

Lady Fanshawe was married to Sir Richard Fanshawe in 1644. "None was at our wedding but my dear father, who, at my mother's desire, gave me her wedding-ring, with which I was married, and my sister Margaret, and my brother and sister Boteler, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Sir Geoffrey Palmer, the king's attorney. Before I was married, my husband was sworn Secretary of War to the Prince [Charles II.] now our king, with a promise from Charles I. to be preferred as soon as occasion offered it, but both his fortune and my promised portion, which was made £10,000, were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us: but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to £2000 a year, as long as he had his liberty."

Lady Fanshawe's husband, Sir Richard, had an adventure in his youth, which his wife thus narrates. He went over to Paris, to visit some relations, Lord Strangford, and others. "The whole

stock he carried with him was eighty pieces of gold, and French silver to the value of five pounds in his pocket; his gold was quilted in his doublet; he went by post to lodgings in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, with an intent to rest that night, and the next day to find out his kindred: but the devil, that never sleeps, so ordered it, that two friars entered the chamber wherein he was, and welcoming him, being his countrymen, invited him to play, he innocently only intending diversion, till his supper was ready. But that was not their design, for having engaged him, they left him not as long as he was worth a groat, which, when they discovered, they gave him five pieces of his money until he could recruit himself by his friends, which he did the next day; and from that time forward never played for a piece. It came to pass that seven years after, my husband being in Huntingdonshire, at a bowling-green, with many persons of quality, one in the company was called Captain Taller. My husband, who had a very quick and piercing eye, marked him much, as knowing his face, and found, through his peruke wig, and scarlet cloak, and buff suit, that his name was neither Captain nor Taller, but the honest Jesuit called Friar Sherwood, that had cheated him of the greatest part of his money, and after had lent him the five pieces; so your father went to him, and gave him his five pieces, and said, 'Father Sherwood, I know you, and you know this' at which he was extremely surprised, and begged of your father not to discover him, for his life was in danger.'

Lady Fanshawe's first child was a son, who died an infant of a few days old. At this time, her husband had been obliged to leave her, which, being their first separation, under critical circumstances, affected her very much, and she was ill for a considerable time. He sent for her, to come to him at Bristol; and when she arrived, "he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know that thou, that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, and that none was at first sight more capable than I. In the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring it to public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming me, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew—but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning, early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly, and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me, as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled,' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee: for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve,

if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.'

The plague increased so much in Bristol during the summer of 1645, that the prince and all his retinue went to Barnstaple. "But the prince's affairs calling him from that place, we went to Launceston, in Cornwall, and thither came very many gentlemen of that county to do their duties to his highness." "From thence the court removed to Pendennis Castle, some time commanded by Sir Nicholas Slanning, who lost his life bravely in the king's service, and left an excellent name behind him." Another remove was considered necessary; the prince crossing from the Lands-end to the Scilly Isles, followed, among others, by Sir Richard Fanshawe and his wife. Besides being obliged to leave household valuables in the care of a false friend, who never accounted for them, (though Lady Fanshawe estimated their value at 200*l.*) they were robbed on their passage. "We having put all our present estate into two trunks, and carried them aboard with us in a ship commanded by Sir Nicholas Crispe, whose skill and honesty the master and seamen had no opinion of, my husband was forced to appease their mutiny which his miscarriage caused; and taking out money to pay the seamen, that night following they broke open one of our trunks, and took out a bag of 60*l.* and a quantity of gold lace, with our best clothes and linen, with all my combs, gloves, and ribbons, which amounted to near 300*l.* more. The next day, after having been pillaged, and extremely sick, and big with child, I was set on shore almost dead in the Island of Scilly; when we had got to our quarters near the castle, where the prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms, and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up: in one of these they kept dried fish, which was his trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay, one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants; but when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do; but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring-tide. With this we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel—for half the court, to serve them a month; they were not to be had in the whole island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad, and a little of them; then, after three weeks and odd days, we set sail for the Isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond the belief of all the beholders from that island; for the pilot not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks, but being spring-tide, and by chance high water, God be praised, his highness and all of us came safe ashore through so great a danger. Sir George Carteret was lieutenant-governor of the island, under my lord St. Albans, a man formerly bred a sea-boy, and born in that island, the brother's son of Sir Philip Carteret, whose younger daughter he afterwards married. He endeavoured, with all his power, to entertain his highness and court with all plenty and kindness possible, both which the island afforded, and what was wanting he sent for out of France.'

Lady Fanshawe's second child was born in Jersey. Sir Richard lost his situation when the prince went from Jersey to Paris. He afterwards went over to Caen, and from thence sent his wife to England, to try and raise money out of the wreck of their fortunes. "This was the first time I had taken a journey without your father, and the first manage of business he ever put into my hands, in which I thank God I had complete success; for lodging in Fleet-street, at Mr. Eates the watchmaker, with my sister Boteler, I procured by the means of Colonel Copley, a great parliament man, whose wife had formerly been obliged to our family, a pass for your father to come and compound for 300*l.*, which was a part of my fortune. When your father was come he was very private in London, for he was in daily fears to be imprisoned before he could raise money to go back again to his master, who was not then in a condition to maintain him."

While Charles I. was at Hampton Court, shortly before his execution, Lady Fanshawe "went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years; he

attended me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am in,' then turning to your father, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well,' and taking him in his arms, said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you,' adding, 'I do promise you, that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings.' Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God."

We reluctantly pass over Lady Fanshawe's adventures, as told by herself, for our space is limited. She followed her husband to France, where she lived for some time in Paris amongst the suite of the royal refugees. Sir Richard then sent her to England once more, to try to raise money. She afterwards met him in Ireland, where they spent some months, living in a house near Cork. The news of Cromwell coming over to reduce Ireland compelled them to shift their quarters. "During this time," she says, in her own exquisitely unaffected language, "I had, by the fall of a stumbling horse (being with child), broke my left wrist, which, because it was ill-set, put me to great and long pain, and I was in my bed when Cork revolted. By chance that day my husband was gone on business to Kinsale: it was in the beginning of November, 1650. At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town, and that Colonel Jeffries, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell." She obtained a pass from Jeffries, but Cromwell was disappointed, when he was informed that the Fanshaws had been allowed to escape.

Sir Richard Fanshawe was sent by the prince (now Charles II.) to Spain, with letters to Philip IV., and his ambassadors at the Spanish court—Lord Cottington and Sir Edward Hyde. On their voyage, the ship in which they sailed was menaced by a Turkish galley. The women were ordered to keep below. "This beast (the captain) locked me up in the cabin: I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, begged him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat; which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master."

The "Turks' man-of-war" tacked about, unwilling to engage; and, "when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God! that love can make this change!' and, though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

Sir Richard Fanshawe was unsuccessful in his mission to the Spanish court, which was to raise a sum of money. He returned to France towards the end of the year 1650. He afterwards joined Charles II. and the royalist forces in Scotland, while his wife went secretly to London. Here she remained seven months, "and in that time I did not go abroad seven times." At last she received intelligence that her husband was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. He was brought to London, and kept "in a little room in a bowling-green," at Whitehall; and, during his imprisonment, Lady Fanshawe "failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery-lane, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window, and softly call him; he (after the first time excepted) never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed me how I should make my addresses, which I ever did, to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms."

By her exertions, Sir Richard was allowed to go out on bail. During the whole term of Cromwell's protectorate, they lived in retirement, in different parts of England, but mostly in London; he, at one time, being forbidden to go five miles beyond the

metropolis. During this period of eight years, both Sir Richard and Lady Fanshawe suffered from personal illnesses and family bereavements. On the news of Cromwell's death, in 1658, Sir Richard, on pretence of becoming tutor to the son of the Earl of Pembroke, whilst on his travels, obtained leave to quit England. Lady Fanshawe tried to get leave to join him, but was told that her husband had obtained his liberty by a trick, but that neither she nor her children should stir. She then went to the office where passes were granted; and, "with as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the office, that I desired a pass for Paris to go to my husband. 'Woman, what is your husband and your name?' 'Sir,' said I, with many courtesies, 'he is a young merchant, and my name is Ann Harrison.' [Her maiden name.] 'Well,' said he, 'it will cost you a crown.' Said I, 'That is a great sum for me; but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children:' all which he immediately did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass.

"I thanked him kindly, and so went immediately to my lodgings; and with my pen I made the great H of Harrison two ff, and the rrs an n, and the i an s, and the s an h, and the o a w, so completely that none could find out the change. With all speed I hired a barge, and that night, at six o'clock, I went to Gravesend, and from thence by coach to Dover, where, upon my arrival, the searchers came and demanded my pass, which they were to keep for their discharge. When they had read it, they said, 'Madam, you may go when you please.' But, says one, 'I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublesome a time as this.'" She got over to Calais, and had narrowly escaped detention; for, her leaving London having been known, "a post was sent to stay me."

Sir Richard and Lady Fanshawe had an interview with Charles II., at Combes, near Paris. At the restoration, they returned with him to England. "So great were the acclamations and numbers of people, that it reached like one street from Dover to Whitehall. We lay that night at Dover, and the next day we went in Sir Arnold Brem's coach towards London, where, on Sunday night, we came to a house in the Savoy. My niece, Fanshawe, then lay in the Strand, where I stood to see the king's entry with his brothers,—surely the most pompous show that ever was; for the hearts of all men in this kingdom moved at his will."

Sir Richard Fanshawe was returned to Parliament for the university of Cambridge. He was afterwards sent to Portugal twice, on special missions; and, in 1664, was appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid. In 1665 he was recalled, through the intrigues (as Lady Fanshawe affirms) of "the Lord Chancellor Clarendon and his party," and the Earl of Sandwich sent in his place. After Sir Richard had introduced the earl to the Spanish court, and was preparing for his journey from Madrid to England, he "was taken ill with an ague, but turned to malignant fever," of which he died; and Lady Fanshawe had the melancholy task of sending his body to England; where she herself, with her family, shortly afterwards arrived.

The rest of her life was spent in seclusion. Her affections, deprived of their chief, concentrated themselves on her family, and for the use of her son she wrote her autobiography. She died on the 20th of January, 1678, in her fifty-fifth year.

MEDITATIONS ON TOBACCO.

WHY should we so much despyse
So good and holy an exercise,
As daillie and late
To meditate
Where we drink tobacco?
The earthen pype, so lillie whyte,
Doth shew thou art a mortall wighte;
Yea, even suche
Brocke with a tuche:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.
And when the smoak ascends on hye,
Think on this earthlie vanitie
Of worldlie stuff,
Gon with a puff:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.
Lastlie the ashes left behind
Doe daylie serve to move the mind,
That ashes and dust
Becume we must:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

From the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

NO. III.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, WITH ITS
INTRODUCTION INTO ENGLAND.

THE announcement of the discovery of magnetic somnambulism, together with a string of facts corroborative of the power it conferred of supplying the deficiencies of medical science, caused a prodigious sensation in the French capital. Fashion again seized upon animal magnetism, and, in spite of the opposition of the medical profession, whose members were at length compelled to yield, whilst many of them began to practise the new art, every one flocked to the priestesses of somnambulism, to discover, from their oracles, the unknown disease with which he was afflicted. Two treatises, long since forgotten, were written to show that the Delphic oracles of old were given under the effect of animal magnetism; one enthusiast even went so far as to allege that this was the agent employed by our Saviour in curing diseases. Extensive establishments were now formed for the convenience of magnetisers, somnambulists, and their patients. Here the oracles were delivered by sleeping virgins, under the control of the directing magnetiser of each institution. Quacks and cheats, who had exhausted their former means of imposition, found a never-failing resource in magnetic somnambulism, which ought to have been designated "Puysegurism." The more sensible portion of the community, and more especially the men of talent belonging to the plebeian order, threw excessive ridicule upon these establishments, which, however, were ultimately converted to the most disgustingly immoral purposes.

Flattered by the success of his discovery, which, in his own opinion, ranked him among the best benefactors of the human race, M. de Puysegur spared no exertions in bringing it to perfection; thereby adding, as he believed, fresh wreaths to those which already shaded his brow. He had now numerous disciples, who soon became competitors. Each, in search of new effects, advanced in a path of his own making; but every path so made converged to the common centre of psychological absurdity, which now covers animal magnetism with a hard and thick crust, that conceals the real gem, and, from the difficulty of its removal, has hitherto proved an obstacle to the impartial examination of the latter.

Meanwhile, the reign of Louis XV. having closed, his grandson, Louis XVI. had ascended the French throne. This was a virtuous but weak prince, with good intentions, but unable to resist a torrent which had been gradually swelling under the misgovernment of his predecessors, and was ready to sweep away the French monarchy. The finances of the country had been exhausted by the profligate expenditure of Louis XIV. and his successor Louis XV. This latter king had reigned as if all he cared about was the holding together of the monarchy during his lifetime. The nobles had also imperceptibly undermined the inner foundations of the formidable barrier that protected their order, to which the clergy were naturally united. The bondsmen of feudal despotism had, in the mean time, acquired some knowledge of their social rights. The plebeian order were more than ever bowed to the earth with the weight of the state burthens, whilst the privileged nobles were in the enjoyment of patents and pensions, and of certain imposts granted to them by the monarch, and levied upon objects, not only of luxury, but of necessity, consumed by the people. As a climax to these evils, the national bankruptcy, long inevitable, notwithstanding the exertions of that political quack and over-rated statesman, M. Necker, the father of the celebrated Madame de Staël, became a reality, and hundreds of thousands of families were ruined. All these circumstances concurred to rouse the despairing energies of the suffering people, and the external pressure upon the edifice which separated the orders became so strong that the barrier fell inward with a tremendous crash, crushing and destroying, as it fell, the whole order of nobles, and with them the priests,—both of whom it had originally protected,—and even reaching and overturning the throne itself. The populace sprang upon the prostrate ruins, destroying those indi-

vidual nobles and clergy who had escaped. The French revolution had now broken out, and Anarchy commenced her reign of terror and blood.

Like others of his order, the Marquis de Puysegur was obliged to attend to his personal safety. His practice of animal magnetism was therefore suspended until more favourable times. The same cause put an end to the labours of all contemporary professors of the same art, and the practice of somnambulism was known only by name as a thing which had existed.

During the exacerbation of the revolutionary fever, animal magnetism slept the slumber of neglect, without evincing either somnambulism or somniloquacy. But a new order of things arose. The genius of Napoleon Bonaparte having overthrown anarchy, constructed a strong and protecting government, which admitted to a certain station, in the new form which society had naturally assumed in France, the still surviving remnant of the old order of nobles. No sooner was the imperial government established, than the Marquis de Puysegur resumed his magnetic labours, and the mysteries of somnambulism began once more to exercise a certain influence, especially among the fair sex,—an influence not almost exclusively confined, as before, to high-born lords and dames, but extending to all classes. The art of magnetising had soon many eminent professors, who, refining upon the labours of M. de Puysegur, but acting with no better discrimination, have, in the course of the last thirty years, raised animal magnetism to the eminence upon which it now stands, as an object of merited ridicule to the whole world.

Italians and Germans have brought their concurrent labours in aid of the pretended science. The exaggerated and credulous enthusiasm of the first, and the no less dangerous transcendentalism of the last, have become the allies of the delusions of somnambulism; and, united with the mysticism in which the weak-minded always delight, have produced that system of imposture which has deceived many men of understanding, and made them believe in effects which would have shaken the belief of the most credulous, even in the barbarous times, when men of learning and talent believed in magic and witchcraft.

Amongst these pretended effects, we may designate the following:—The unlettered somnambulist, under the influence of magnetic sleep, can not only detect disease which is imperceptible to the medical practitioner, but point out the means of cure. During the operation of magnetic sleep, the somnambulist can perfectly and distinctly perceive, and understand, the whole of the internal organs and complicated machinery of the human body, or that of any animal: she—for, as we have stated, the somnambulists are generally girls—can likewise see through a thick wall; she can also see any objects, or read writing presented to or laid upon her abdomen, her back, or any other part of her body, her eyes being closed all the while. The sleeper, under magnetic influence, who possesses the gift of somnambulism, can actually read the past, the present, and sometimes the future, and also the magnetiser's thoughts, replying in an audible voice to questions he has asked only mentally; for there is between the magnetiser and every person he magnetises, whether the latter be gifted with somnambulism or not, a psychological connexion,—or "a communion of souls," as it has been termed. The magnetiser possesses an absolute power for ever over the mind of a person he has once magnetised, "having subdued that mind to the volition of his own;" and this influence extends to any distance, from a neighbouring room to the remotest parts of the earth. Thus, at his will, the magnetiser can operate upon his unconscious patient, thousands of miles off,—produce sleep,—and, if the thus magnetised person possess the faculty of somnambulism, force an audible reply to any question asked mentally; the "communion of souls" defying the restraint imposed by the space of distance. The magnetiser has equally the power of depriving the magnetised, whether near or at distance, of all sensation.

It will hardly be credited that these wonders (our account of which is in no wise exaggerated) form points of the sincerest faith among the believers in the animal magnetism of which we have offered a sketch. Though, perhaps, Dr. Elliotson has not avowed his belief in these facts so openly as we have stated them, still his experiments at the North London Hospital were intended to furnish evidence of every one of them; and much evil would have ensued, had not Mr. Wakley detected and exposed the imposition practised, by the pretended somnambulists, upon the doctor. We have a high respect for Dr. Elliotson; we consider him a clever and useful practitioner, likely to have occupied one of the highest stations in his profession, but for this unwonted credulity, and its

result. If, instead of believing in the mysticism, and, in many cases, attaching an undue importance to effects resulting from faith in animal magnetism,—that is to say, from the workings of the excited imagination,—he had calmly examined Mesmerism, and its real power of action, as the mere physical effect of a physical cause, and divested of its psychological and all other wonders, he would have rendered good service to science.

One of the most popular writers on animal magnetism is the late M. Bertrand, who long professed it in Paris, and by whom, through the agency of one of his somnambulists, many extraordinary cures are said to have been effected, and the peace and honour of many families preserved. The work written by M. de Puységur, though very explanatory, is nevertheless scarcely intelligible; and, as a literary and scientific production, is far below that of the Baron Dupotet, which has, of late, been most severely handled by a very clever contemporary.

M. Bertrand does not deny that, without entire faith, the operations of animal magnetism are powerless; whence we may infer a further admission, that its singular results arise from the mere action of an imagination too feeble to support the strength and weight of reason. But then he goes to the full length of the psychological absurdity connected with the art, and admits the power of magnetising at a distance, by which he defeats his own argument. If the magnetiser operate at a great distance, the magnetised must be unconscious of his intention of doing so, unless he has previously announced such intention, which it is not the practice to do: therefore, no aid can accrue to the operator from the workings of the patient's imagination. Again, if, as M. Bertrand would lead his readers to believe, magnetism be a spiritual essence, acting upon a corresponding but weaker spiritual essence, surely neither physical action is required to make it act, nor can it be the cause of physical action. Now, although it is true that the magnetiser who operates at a distance is said to do so by the mere power of his will, and without muscular action, the person unconsciously magnetised is affected with sleep, sometimes with somnambulism, or with headach, or with pain in any of the limbs or organs, or with insensibility to pain, or even with syncope. In either of these cases,—admitting their truth, for the sake of argument,—the action must be physical, not spiritual, and similar to any other action that either causes or removes bodily disease, because spiritual causes can yield only spiritual effects. It therefore follows that animal magnetism, if it exist, must be a form or condition of matter, and not a spiritual essence. This leads us to the further fact, that, although it may be governed by unknown laws, it cannot possibly produce any result contrary to those laws of matter which are known to us, because nature never impedes her own legislation. It is therefore clear that all the wonders of animal magnetism, which are violations of natural laws, have no existence.

As an instance of the inconsistency often shown by men labouring under hallucinations, such as those shown at the North London Hospital, we must call attention to the fact that Dr. Elliotson, in a work written by him on Human Physiology, after a clever exposition of the anatomical and physiological blunders committed by the somnolent impostors, who, under the magnetic influence, pretend to detect and prescribe for diseases, states, as strong evidence against the reality of their pretended faculty, that, in their medical treatment, they pursue the practice of the country they are in; and that, for the same disorder which in France would be combated by them with ptisans and leeches, they would, in England, direct the ordeal of calomel and port wine.

It has been observed, that, in France, no physician of any eminence has avowed the practice of animal magnetism. Such practice has been rejected by Magendie, Dubois, Broussais, Raspail, Pariset, Marc, and many others. Every medical man who has avowed the practice of animal magnetism, and the wonders attributed to it by M. de Puységur and his contemporaries and successors, has been of mediocre professional reputation, and generally deficient in professional skill as well as in general philosophy. The only thing to be lamented in the general rejection of the magnetic theory by the most eminent men of the day is, that, in their just indignation against its lies and absurdities, they have overlooked that which, had it been submitted to proper examination, would have been found really worth their attention.

The continental professors of animal magnetism and their patients, and somnambulists, have, during the last five-and-twenty years, generally formed a body of dupes and impostors. More frequently the professors have been the former; and the fruits of their too easy credulity have been published to the world as well

authenticated facts. Certain it is that, up to the present day, the practice of magnetic somnambulism has aided neither the science of medicine nor any other branch of human knowledge; nor has it produced any known and acknowledged benefit to the human race. A few years since, a commission was appointed to examine, and report to the national institute of France, upon the existence and effects of animal magnetism. This commission was mismanaged: the avowed believers in psychological magnetism, appointed, were numerous; and the other members were induced to withdraw in disgust. The magnetists, therefore, had it all their own way, and, instead of a condemnatory, a laudatory report was made, in which not a single attribute claimed by the Mesmerism of Puységur and his followers, was disavowed. Still the members of the commission did not commit themselves by any specific acknowledgments: all was generalized, but animal magnetism, bearing its miraculous plumage, was admitted to be a reality. Until very lately, this mysterious science was unable to gain a second footing in England. At length, however, it claimed the rights of British hospitality, and was lodged for a time at the North London Hospital. Thanks to the editor of the "Lancet," its monstrous and absurd assumptions have been reduced to their real value, and many weak-minded individuals thereby saved from dangerous delusions.

"But," will the reader naturally urge, "what, after all, is animal magnetism?" By reading our two next articles, he will find his question answered by all the information we are able to give.

SPRING.

HAIL, welcome Spring! delightful Spring!

Thy joys are now begun:

Earth's frozen chains are rent in twain

By yonder glorious sun.

The dew of eve, on meadows green,

And waving blades of corn,

Like diamonds set in emeralds sheen,

Are twinkling in the morn.

Sweet Spring!

In thee the snowdrop finds a grave;

Meanwhile the primrose pale

Grows sweetly on the sunny bank;

The daisy in the vale

With golden eye looks beautiful;

Young trees fresh odours fling,—

Their incense rises to the skies

In worshipping the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

All living things that life enjoy

Are now instinct with love:

In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,

In pairs they woo above.

The echoing woods in music speak,

As winged minstrels sing,

Uniting heaven and earth with song

In welcoming the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all

Their lesson read to man,

And teach him sorrow's not the end

Of Heaven's benignant plan:

However great our cares may be,

However deep their sting,

Like Winter's storms they pass away,

And welcome glorious Spring.

Sweet Spring!

FORAGERS.

THE reader must, we think, have observed amongst the various classes which compose that curious piece of mosaic work called society, one of a particularly puzzling sort of character. It is composed of persons, and very respectable-looking persons too, who contrive to live, and live well, without any visible or known means of doing so. But there is a means for all that, and we know the trick of the thing. These persons forage: they beat about for a living, in a way which we hope presently to illustrate in a very plain, if not a satisfactory manner.

In the course of our life we have personally known three perfect specimens of the class of persons we speak of. Three only! but they were splendid geniuses in their several ways. We say in their *several* ways; because, though of precisely the same genus, and though proceeding on precisely the same principles, they were somewhat different both in their character and special modes of operation.

The first of these—we range them according to the chronological order of our acquaintance with them—was Dick Spelter, as he was familiarly called by his coevals; but our acquaintance with him having been in our younger years, and merely through his sons, who were our schoolfellows, we called him, with a respect for our elders becoming our years, Mister Spelter.

Dick, who was at this time somewhere about forty-five years of age, was a personage of rather tall stature, but somewhat bent. He stooped a little—a consequence, we believe, of intense mental application to the object of circumventing the difficulties of the day. His eye was always on the ground, and he was always busied in thought, even as he wound his way through the busiest streets of the city. Neither the bustling nor jostling of passing people, nor the perils of coach and cart, could for a moment withdraw him from the profound abstraction by which he seemed always engrossed. The countenance of this prince of foragers, for so we reckon him, was a peculiar one. It had a startling sinister look; proceeding, chiefly, from a habit he had acquired of gathering a large portion of his optical information by the tail of his eye, by side-long glances. This sinister expression was also heightened by an habitual grin, which he intended, we dare say, for a smile, and which on any other countenance would, perhaps, actually have been such a thing; but on his it was the most alarming-looking thing imaginable—cunning, sly, and roguish. Altogether, Dick's countenance, both in form and expression, bore a strange resemblance to that of an overgrown cat: it exhibited the same indications of a deep, designing, and treacherous nature. But the resemblance just spoken of held good in other particulars besides. Dick was quiet and demure, spoke little, and made no noise whatever of any kind. His step was slow, deliberate and measured, light and stealthy. He rather glided than walked, and when in motion always carried his hands behind him beneath the skirts of his coat. Thus it was that he might have been seen skipping noiselessly, and you would imagine, unobserved, through the streets, but Dick was wide awake. He had all his eyes about him, or, at least, the corners of them, and nothing could escape their vigilance; they were in quest of prey. Dick, in short, was what is called a deep one, and a sly one to boot.

At the time we knew Mr. Spelter, Mr. Spelter was doing nothing; that is, he was not engaged in any business, nor occupied by any employment: yet Mr. Spelter had no other ostensible means of living, not the smallest; and yet, again, Mr. Spelter and his family lived well and comfortably. They wanted for nothing, neither food nor raiment. There was a man of talent for you! Why we, ourselves, while we record the fact, are overwhelmed with admiration of his genius—of the genius of that man who could rear up a family, a large family on—nothing!

When we said that Mr. Spelter, when we knew him, was doing nothing, we will, of course, be understood in a particular and limited sense. He doing nothing! Mr. Spelter was doing an immense deal. He was the busiest man in the busy city to which he belonged; how else could he have done what he did? Maintained his family genteelly without the vulgar aid of coin, the resource of your common-place ideal men. Dick's notions were much too sublime for this. He created something, and something substantial too, out of nothing,—never stooped to inferior practice.

Mr. Spelter, however, although not engaged in any regular business during the time we enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance, had been so at one period of his life; but what that business was, when or where he carried it on, we never knew,—nor did any body else. No one could tell what he had been, although there was a pretty general though vague idea, that he had been some-

thing or other somewhere or sometime. This, indeed, is a never-absent feature in the cases of all his class. They have always started in the world in the regular way, but have, some way or other, always fallen through it.

It would gratify the reader, we dare say, if we could give him "a swatch o' Spelter's way,"—if we would give a detailed specimen of his proceedings in the way of foraging; but we must at once declare that we cannot do this. His ways were mysterious; you only saw results. All that we can say about the matter is, then, that his house never wanted abundance of the creature-comforts of life: there were hams, cheeses, kits of butter, boxes of candles and soap,—everything, in short, necessary to good housekeeping, and in never-failing, never-ending supply. But where they came from, or how obtained, who could tell!—we never could, nor could we ever even form a conjecture on the subject. There they were, and that is all we can say about them. We have reason, however, to believe that Dick did sometimes sail rather near the wind in some of his catering expeditions; that is, that some of his transactions had a shade—just a shade or so—of swindling in their complexion. We have heard that something approaching to this was the character of a particular case of a sack of potatoes, which Dick had somehow or other come across. Be this as it may, there certainly were some unpleasant consequences attending this affair. Dick was actually pursued—not at law, for nobody ever dreamt of throwing away money in pursuing Dick at law,—but in his own proper person, and by the proper person of the owner of the potatoes. On that occasion, Dick, being hard pressed, took to the roof of his own house through a skylight; for the enemy had made a lodgment even in the very heart of his domicile; and escaped, after exhibiting sundry feats of fearlessness and agility in skipping along steep roofs and scrambling over airy situated chimneys, all at the height of some hundred feet from the ground. It is said that the potato-man had the temerity to give Dick chase over a roof or two, but soon abandoned the pursuit, as equally hopeless as dangerous.

The next in order of our foragers is Sandy Lorimer. Although pursuing the same peculiar walk in life, and acting on precisely the same principles as Dick, Sandy was, in other respects, a totally different man. He, again, was a stout, bold, noisy personage, with an imposing presence, and loud, hearty voice. Dick carried his points by circumvention; Sandy by a *coup-de-main*. He advanced boldly on his prey, pounced on it at once, and bore it off in triumph. He did the thing by open, fearless—we suppose we must call it—effrontery. Sandy had formed a general intimacy, not merely a trading acquaintance, (mark the excellent policy of this,) with a large circle of dealers of all sorts,—grocers, butchers, bakers, &c. &c. &c. Being on this footing with these persons, he entered their premises, when on the hunt for provender, with a hearty freedom and familiarity of manner that admirably facilitated his subsequent proceedings, and altogether deprived them of the power of denial. They could not, in fact, find in their hearts to refuse him anything, even though perfectly conscious at the moment that they would never see a farthing of its value; his manner was so taking, so plausible, so imposing. The impudent courage of the man, too, was admirable; beyond all praise. The length of a score, either as to figures or time, or both, never daunted him in the slightest degree. He would enter the shop where the fatal document existed, and face the inditer thereof with as bold and unflinching a front as if the money was due to him; and that shop he never left without adding something to the dismal record of his obligation.

His butcher's shop, for instance,—where there was, to our certain knowledge, a score against him a yard long, and which had been standing for years,—he would enter with a shout, an hilarious roar, slap the butcher on the shoulder with a hearty thwack, and ask him what news? He would then turn round on his heel, and commence a regular survey of all the tid-bits exposed for sale, praising and admiring everything he saw. At length his well-practised eye selects a choice morsel.

"There, now, Mr. B.," he would say, advancing towards the article in question, "there, now, is what I would call a nice little roast. That does you credit. What may the weight be?"

The butcher instinctively takes it down, and puts it into the scale; not, however, with much alacrity, for he has certain misgivings on the subject. But Sandy never minds this, though he sees it very well: he is not to be driven from his purpose by sulky looks. "Eleven pounds and a half, Mr. Lorimer," at length says the butcher.

"Boy," says Sandy, addressing a little ragged urchin, who is in waiting to carry for customers, "take this out to my house;" and,

without giving the butcher time to adopt counteracting measures, should he have contemplated them, the beef was popped into the boy's tray, and despatched from the premises. This is one particular point in the forger's practice. Another is, never to trust to the seller of an article sending it home to you, but always to see it despatched, beyond hope of recall, before leaving the shop yourself. These points Mr. Lorimer always carefully observed, and his success was commensurate with his forethought.

Besides catering for the family, however, Mr. Lorimer picked up a very tolerable independent living of his own; and this he accomplished by the following process. On entering a grocer's shop, he is particularly struck with the rich look of a cut cheese that is lying on the counter. He openly expresses his admiration of it, being on a familiar footing with the shopkeeper. He takes up the knife that is lying beside it, with a hearty, pleasant freedom of manner; keeping the shopkeeper the while in play by an animated conversation. He cuts off a whacking slice, and despatches it, having probably asked his friend to toss him over a biscuit. Luncheon, then, has been secured, but something is wanted to wash it down. A glass of ale or a draught of porter is in request, but this he cannot with a good grace ask where he has had his cheese. Indeed, there is no such opportunity as would warrant him in asking it. He must catch some one of his numerous friends in the liquor line in the act, in the particular predicament, of bottling; and this a little perseverance, aided by a shrewd guess of the most likely places, enables him to accomplish. He has also acquired the free entrance (by what means we know not) of a certain range of bonded cellars, where he can, occasionally, pick up a glass or two of choice wine, which, with a biscuit, and perhaps a slice of ham foraged in some other quarter, he can make a pretty substantial passover.

Such, then, is Mr. Lorimer.

The next on our list is Major Longson,—the civil, polite, well-informed, bowing-and-scraping Major Longson. By the way, we never knew precisely how he acquired this same military title; we rather think it was a local-militia honour, for the major's name never appeared in any army-list. Be this as it may, however, major he was always called, and by no other title was he known.

The major was an elderly man, grey-headed, and of a grave, thoughtful, and intelligent countenance; mild and pleasant of speech—soft, smooth, and insinuating; but he was a most determined forger and a perfect master of his business, which, however, he conducted in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way. In his mode of proceeding there was a peculiarity which does not characterise the practice of the other two. The major dealt largely in *samples*,—samples of wine, samples of cheese, samples of tea, samples of everything; but we suppose we must be more explicit. To be so, then. The major had a habit of making tours amongst the dealers in the articles named, and all others useful in house-keeping, (the major was a bachelor, and had therefore no family to provide for, nobody but himself,) and in the most polite and engaging manner possible, requested a sample of some particular commodity. It was at once given him; and if the article was, say tea, he never failed to go home with at least a pound weight in his pocket; and so of all the other necessities of which he stood in need.

We have often been surprised at the singular talent which the major possessed of scenting out edibles, and that in the most unlikely places. He must either have had some wonderful gift of nose, or some strange intuitive guiding power that conducted him to his prey. A friend of ours and an acquaintance of the major's, at whose place of business he occasionally called, once happened to have a small consignment of figs from Smyrna sent to him. Our friend was in a totally different line of business, dealing in nothing that would either eat or drink, but of this consignment he took charge, stowing the *drums* of figs into a small dark back room that they might be out of harm's way; being too tempting an article to keep in an exposed place. But, of all the predators whom our friend dreaded, there was no one whom he so much feared as the major, whose foraging habits he well knew. When he came, therefore, the door of the little apartment in which the figs were stored was always carefully closed, and every allusion to the delicate fruit sedulously avoided in his presence. Vain precaution! Bootless anxiety! One morning the major entered our friend's counting-house with a peculiarly bland countenance, and smiling and bowing, said, he had been informed that Mr. S. had got a consignment of figs! If perfectly convenient, he would like to see them;—he was extremely fond of figs;—a fine wholesome fruit, &c. &c.

We leave the reader to conceive our friend's amazement and

mortification on being thus addressed by the major—the man, of all others, from whom he was most desirous to conceal the luscious treasure; for he knew that he would not only carry off the usual sample for himself, but that he would come day after day, as long as a fig remained, to get samples for his friends, (this, of course, fudge,) in an affected zeal to find purchasers for the consignment. All this accordingly took place, and the major effected an entrance into the fig-room, carried off his sample, and returned to the charge next day; but, fortunately, the figs had been all disposed of and removed in the interim. Our friend could never conceive where or how the major had obtained his intelligence in the case just mentioned; but it was, after all, only one of a thousand every whit as mysterious and unaccountable. The major was evidently born with an intuitive talent for finding the depositories of good things, be these where they might: they could not escape him; for his vigilance was great, his scent unerring.

Being fond of all sorts of delectable edibles, fish was, of course, on the major's list; and he was, fortunately, so situated locally as to put a good deal of enjoyment of this kind in his way. He lived, in the first place, in a village situated on the sea-coast, several of the wealthier inhabitants of which kept pleasure-boats, with which they went frequently a-fishing for amusement. Now, the movements of these boats the major watched with a sharp and wary eye, so that they could not land a tail, on returning from a piscatory expedition, without his presence or his knowledge. Hovering about on the coast, like a huge sea-gull, he pounced on the boat the moment it touched the strand; having been seen, some time previously, bowing, and scraping, and smiling to the party as they approached the shore. "Pleasant day, gentlemen, for your excursion;—excellent sport, I hope—some beautiful fish, no doubt. Ah! there now!"—(the major is now leaning over the gunwale, and pointing out with his cane some of the choicest specimens of the finny tribe which it contains),—"there is a lovely fish: three pound weight, if it's an ounce. There is another beautiful fish, —and there—and there—and there: all these are excellent." The amateur fishermen take the hint, and the major is invited to take a few. He runs up to the house: in a twinkling a servant-girl, with a clean towel or a basin, is at the side of the boat, with the major's compliments to "the gentlemen," and in another twinkling a dozen of the best fish are on their way to the major's kitchen!

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

A YOUNG man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness; though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him, that he had lived upon town too fast and too long not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue; and assured him that, by doing so, he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be dis-furnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force!—the green *figurant*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them—"Here we all are! here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE HORSE-CHESNUTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

On the evening of the 12th of July 1789, the Parisians first learned that their favourite, Necker, had been banished from the court. The garden of the Palais Royal, which was the place of rendezvous of the agitators of that day, was thronged with citizens. All were in agitation and confusion. Indignation and wishes for revenge filled every breast, but no one dared to give vent to the thoughts which burned within him. Suddenly a young man broke from the crowd, and mounting upon a table which had been placed for refreshments under the noble trees which then shaded the garden, he thus addressed the people: "Let us each wear a green branch—for green is the colour of hope—and let us march against our oppressors."

Popular indignation is like a train laid of gunpowder. Though fraught with mighty mischief, it remains cold and quiet till the animating spark is applied which makes it burst forth with resistless fury. Thus it was with the Parisians. The words of Camille Desmoulins (for it was he who had addressed them) were the enlivening spark; his hearers were seized with a sudden enthusiasm that bore everything before it. They tore down the branches of the magnificent horse-chesnuts which hung above their heads; they spent the following day in organizing their measures and supplying themselves with arms; and on July 14th, with the horse-chesnut branches yet woven round their hats, they had attacked and taken the Bastille.

Those horse-chesnuts! Little did their planter think they would ever serve as emblems of liberty. In the year 1629, the Cardinal Richelieu began to build the magnificent palace, since called the Palais Royal; and in the central garden he had planted horse-chesnut trees, then newly introduced into France; he having conceived the idea of having them trained so as to form one vast canopy supported on arches, to throw a refreshing shade over the whole garden. The Cardinal was then in the zenith of his power; a body guard had just been appointed to attend him; he had triumphed over his enemies; and, in fact, ruled France more despotically than any absolute monarch. He said himself, that whatever he willed he did; and as he willed to make his horse-chesnuts magnificent trees, all that man could do, aided by unbounded power and unlimited wealth, was done. It is said that the Cardinal expended 300,000 francs upon this garden, and that it amply repaid the wealth and labour bestowed upon it.

In this garden Louis XIII. delighted to walk with his favourite minister; and when Richelieu died he left it and the palace to his sovereign. Louis died a few months after the Cardinal, and the palace, the name of which was now changed from the Palais Cardinal to the Palais Royal, became the favourite residence of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., during his minority. Under the shade of these trees did that much-praised monarch imbibe his first lessons of tyranny from the artful Mazarin; under these trees were those measures devised which led to all the troubles of the Fronde; and in this garden Mazarin received the mandate which, for a time, banished him from France.

When Louis XIV. attained his full power, he gave this palace to his brother Philip, duke of Orleans; whose wife, the Princess Henrietta of England, drank in this garden the fatal *eau sucrée* which caused her death. His second wife, the witty Duchess, whose *Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.* are so well known, delighted to walk under these trees, and by her amusing sallies to delight her attendant nobles. In 1787, the Palais Royal came into the possession of the famous Egalité; and as it was then his great object to be popular, he threw the garden open to the public.

From this period the garden of the Palais Royal was the general rendezvous of the Parisian citizens; and here they met to discuss the measures of government and organize their resistance. Seats were placed at intervals under the trees; and in the centre, under the shade of the largest tree in the garden, the famous *Arbre de Cracovie*, was a table, on which the citizens were supplied by the servants of the Duke with refreshments gratis. It was on this table that Camille Desmoulins mounted when he addressed the people; and from this tree that the first badges of French liberty were torn. Alas! that they who fought so bravely for freedom should so abuse it when obtained. But their minds had been debased by slavery, and they struggled against their oppressors like demons rather than like men.

Soon after the commencement of the Revolution, the greater part of the trees of the Palais Royal were removed, and a row of shops, and gambling and coffee houses, were erected; and a circus was erected in the centre among the remaining trees.

In 1798 this building took fire, and was burnt to the ground, the

venerable horse-chesnuts perishing in the flames. Pale and sickly suckers, which look like ghosts of the former trees, have risen from the roots; but their leaves no longer wear the bright tints of hope; they are brown and withered, like the hopes of the Parisians.

One of these trees comes into leaf much sooner than the others; and it is a remarkable fact that when Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Elba on March 20th, 1815, the only tree in leaf at that early season which could give his followers green boughs, was a tree in the garden of the Palais Royal, and one in the gardens of the Tuileries which had been reared from the same old stock.

HINTS ABOUT THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

WHAT a vast world is nearly crumbled into ruins under the iron grasp of intellect! All that can be conceived of the most sublime, mean, terrific, vulgar, wild, and stupid, is heaping together, like a worthless pile of rubbish! "Airs from heaven, and blasts from hell," are resolved into agitations of the atmosphere. Old women are as snug and safe as if they were in paradise. One would be hanged if he drowned a witch. Mrs. Veal's ghost sells no more of "Drellincourt on Death." The "second sight" is a pair of spectacles. Milton's celestial host are "shorn of their beams" by the same process which has divested Shakespeare's hags of all their unearthly terrors. The very schoolboy, passing through a churchyard, instead of "whistling to keep his courage up," discourses of "natural magic." The mechanic, travelling in the dark, is as composed as the assessor of the Westminster Assembly, who, when he beheld his satanic majesty standing by his bedside, waited patiently to receive his commands, but the silence continuing unbroken, he coolly told him, "If thou hast nothing to do, I have," and so turned himself to sleep. No man now gets a chance of drawing up a deed of partnership, signed with his own blood. Quacks sell pills, but nobody has discovered the *elixir vite*. Nature, in the "Invisible World," once "abhorred a vacuum," and therefore "no place was void, but all full of spirits, devils, or other inhabitants; not so much as a hair-breadth was empty in heaven, earth, or water above or under the earth." But the very invisible world is becoming a vacuum itself; where spirits, devils, hobgoblins, fairies, witches, and all the other rout, once sported, roaring, yelling, singing, dancing, or riding on broomsticks, there is now nothing but atmospheric vapours, exhalations, aurora borealis, steam-engines, and natural phenomena.

A plague on their natural phenomena! One now-a-days cannot indulge in a good ghost-story without being laughed at! It is as hard to get a believer in witchcraft, as it was once to find a sceptic who would dare to doubt. Everything must be explained and expounded; our very children begin to question, inquire if angels *really* have wings, ask for the precise latitude and longitude of Robinson Crusoe's island, and wonder what kind of a bundle the honest Pilgrim in his Progress had tied upon his back. It was not so with our forefathers. They believed too much, and we believe too little. The catalogue of what they did believe is formidable enough. "Some one knave in a white sheet hath cozened and abused many thousands, specially when Robin Goodfellow kept such a coil in the country. In our childhood our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his breech; eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry Bah! and they have so frayd us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, Pans, faunes, sylfens, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, conjurors, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spook, the man-in-the-oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thomb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless, and such other buggars, that we are afraid of our own shadows, inasmuch that some never fear the devil but on a dark night; and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our father's soul, specially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore durst not to have passed by night but his hair would stand upright. Well, thanks be to God, this wretched and cowardly infidelity, since the preaching of the gospel, is in part forgotten, and, doubtless, the rest of these illusions will, in a short time, by God's grace, be detected, and vanish away."

"It would require a better demonologist than I am," says Sir Walter Scott, "to explain the various obsolete superstitions which Reginald Scot has introduced as articles of the old English faith, into the preceding passage. . . . The catalogue, however,

serves to show what progress the English have made in two centuries, in forgetting the very names of objects which had been the sources of terror to their ancestors of the Elizabethan age."

To the same effect speaks Godwin. "The improvements that have been made in natural philosophy have, by degrees, convinced the enlightened part of mankind that the material universe is everywhere subject to laws, fixed in their weight, measure, and duration, capable of the most exact calculation, and which in no case admit of variation and exception. It was otherwise in the infancy and less mature state of human knowledge. The chain of causes and consequences was yet unrecognised; and events occurred for which no sagacity that was then in being was able to assign an original. Hence men felt themselves habitually disposed to refer many of the appearances with which they were conversant to the agency of invisible intelligence; sometimes under the influence of a benignant disposition, sometimes of malice, and sometimes, perhaps, from an inclination to make themselves sport of the wonder and astonishment of ignorant mortals. Omens and portents told these men of some piece of good or ill fortune speedily to befall them. The flight of birds was watched by them as foretelling somewhat important. Thunder excited in them a feeling of supernatural terror. Eclipses with fear of change perplexed the nations. The phenomena of the heavens, regular and irregular, were anxiously remarked from the same principle. During the hours of darkness men were apt to see a supernatural being in every bush; and they could not cross a receptacle for the dead, without expecting to encounter some one of the departed uneasily wandering among graves, or commissioned to reveal somewhat momentous and deeply affecting to the survivors. Fairies danced in the moonlight glade; and something preternatural perpetually occurred to fill the living with admiration and awe."

That all this rubbish has been swept away is certainly matter of sincere congratulation. The intellect of man must necessarily have been pressed down under such a load of imaginary nonsense. The affections were depraved and perverted under the fear of witchcraft. Law was abused, religion insulted, and the character of God affronted by the most stupid, mean, and cruel superstitions. But has not wheat been rooted up in weeding out the tares? Has the public mind not lost somewhat of that relish for those works of high imagination which deal with invisible things? In giving up ghosts have we not nearly lost sight of angels? It seems to be an inevitable concomitant of man's progress, that in great alterations and transitions something should be lost as well as gained. The hand-loom weavers of Glasgow, Preston, &c., have long groaned under the effect of those gigantic inventions which have diffused manufactures over the world. The road-innkeepers and stage-coach proprietors are feeling the effects of railroads. So, in the region of mind, we have lost as well as gained; and in turning out the black, grey, green, and blue spirits, with all their trumpery, from the invisible world, we have nearly demolished the invisible world altogether. Opinion is, doubtless, in this respect, as in other matters, in a state of gradual fusion. To separate the genuine metal from the refuse incorporated with it, a melting of the entire mass seems necessary. But it is very unlikely that the mind of man can remain at rest without an "invisible world." The vast void which, in all ages, and in all countries, has been filled up with both the poetry and the prose of superstition, must be occupied with just and commensurate opinions, worthy of man as a rational being, and of the progress of society.

Meantime, we confess to a strong tendency, not so much to believe in a ghost, as to be afraid of one. We do not like to think of spirits when solitary at dark midnight. We are inclined to wonder, with Dr. Johnson, how "six thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it seems undecided whether or not there has been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. *All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.*"

An intimate friend, on whose entire veracity we can rely, communicates the following case, which shows that strange doings do still occasionally occur, in spite of modern philosophy.

We were residing in a house (about seven years ago) in which a variety of noises were heard, similar in nature and character to those which Southey has so minutely related in his *Life of the Wesleys*, as occurring in the house of their parents. Every attempt was made by persons not disposed to give themselves up to the influence of blind terror, in order to discover by what means the noises and disturbances were produced, but in vain.

As the house was a boarding-school for a select number of young ladies, it was of great importance to the amiable and intelligent mistress of the mansion, that it should not be known, even to the inmates, that "midnight scenes" occurred, as they would very naturally be attributed to trickery, and as she herself did so attribute them. Little notice was therefore taken of the disturbances, and the servants were quietly changed, without the real reason being assigned. Still the noises continued, and the whole household became aware of them. A strict search and investigation led to nothing—there seemed no possible means of communication by which they could be produced, and the inmates appeared all too visibly under the influence of terror to be likely to be conniving at any trick. The writer has sat up with the lady of the house (a woman of polished education and very excellent sense and courage), and heard the fall of a heavy foot approaching the room-door; and when a rush was made into the passage nothing could be seen. A latch purposely fastened has been shaken with great violence, no person being within the closet, the door of which it secured. Noises like animals fighting and scratching in passages, and like something furiously sweeping up and down stairs, were perpetually heard. The writer was sitting with several other persons in the kitchen, when the supposed apparition, ghost, or evil spirit, came distinctly down stairs, rushed across the kitchen-floor, apparently entered a large water-butt, agitated the water with violence, as if it had been all thrown out suddenly, while not a drop was found to be spilled, nor the water in the least disturbed. Blows were also distributed by the wicked spirit or malicious trickster—the writer received one while lying in bed awake. These were the general character of the nocturnal disturbances; if they were the result of trick, they were managed with a dexterity, and continued with a perseverance, quite astonishing, and worthy of some nobler employment, while their effect was most disastrous—they ruined the school, and shortly afterwards the mistress of the school died.

The reader may depend on the facts as here stated, and perhaps some of them may have had similar circumstances coming under their personal cognizance. The *modus operandi* may be explained by Brewster, but we have never yet been able to clear up, to our own satisfaction, whether the noises proceeded from ghosts, cats, rats, or quicksilver. They have, at all events, left on our minds a strong disposition to swallow a good ghost story, and a tendency to bear a grudge against any hard-headed member of a Mechanics' Institution, who would spoil us of our pleasure in believing it.

Lest we should lose favour with any of our readers, we will freely confess, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, that "tales of ghosts and demonology are out of date at forty years and upwards; it is only in the morning of life that this feeling of superstition 'comes o'er us like a summer cloud,' affecting us with fear, which is solemn and awful rather than painful. The present fashion of the world seems to be ill-suited for studies of this fantastic nature; and the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which, in former times, were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age."

"I cannot, however, in conscience, carry my opinion of my countrymen's good sense so far as to exculpate them entirely from the charge of credulity. Those who are disposed to look for them may, without much trouble, see such manifest signs, both of superstition and the disposition to believe in its doctrines, as may render it no useless occupation to compare the follies of our fathers with our own. The sailors have a proverb that every man in his lifetime must eat a peck of impurity; and it seems yet more clear that every generation of the human race must swallow a certain measure of nonsense. There remains hope, however, that the grosser faults of our ancestors are now out of date; and that whatever follies the present race may be guilty of, the sense of humanity is too universally spread to permit them to think of tormenting wretches till they confess what is impossible, and then burning them for their pains."

SECRETS.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it, and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"—"Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"—*Tin Trumpet.*

CAN THIS BE SAID OF YOU?

THE HABITS OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements, does nothing carelessly or in a hurry, employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself, keeps everything in its proper place, leaves nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permitted him to do;—keeps his designs and business from the view of others, is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not *OVER-TRADE* with his capital;—prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits in credit-cases with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing of consequence to memory, which he can and ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c. belonging to his business titled, classed, and put away; never suffers his desk to be confused with many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing that, if he leave it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim, that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted; is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodation in money matters and law-suits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditure, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum-book, with a pencil, in his pocket, in which he notes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty-cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

QUARREL BETWEEN A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND A COURT-MARTIAL.

OCCASIONALLY, cases have occurred where members of Courts-martial have been subjected to heavy penalties, for exercising an arbitrary or unjust authority; and these have been produced by appeal to the higher courts of law at Westminster, which take precedence of Court-martial law, and sometimes reverse or annul the proceedings of these inquests. We shall relate one instance, where the dignity and supremacy of the Court of Common Pleas was established, and a question which, up to that time, appears to have been involved in doubt, set at rest for ever by the firm conduct of Chief Justice Willes. It is a very remarkable case, and has been alluded to by Sir John Barrow in his recently published life of Lord Anson, for it occurred during the time that his lordship held a seat at the Board of Admiralty.

The matter was this. In the year 1743, Captain Harry Powlett, commanding the *Orford*, 50, in the West Indies, brought his lieutenant of marines, George Fry, to trial, on charges of disobedience of orders, &c. Sir Chaloner Ogle was president of the Court-martial, which adjudged Fry to fifteen years' imprisonment! to be dismissed the corps, and rendered incapable of ever serving his Majesty in any future capacity. It appears, that not only was Mr. Fry kept fourteen months in close arrest, but that the evidence against him was not oral, being made up of the depositions of persons whom he had never seen or heard of, reduced to writing several days before the Court assembled; and that altogether the proceedings, as well as the sentence, were illegal.

On the case being represented to the Privy Council, the king was pleased to remit the punishment, and order Mr. Fry to be released; but that gentleman forthwith instituted proceedings in the Common Pleas against the president of the Court-martial, and recovered £1000 damages: the judge moreover informing him, that he was at liberty to bring a separate action against every member of the Court.

Acting upon this advice, Mr. Fry took occasion, while a Court-martial was sitting at Deptford upon Admirals Matthews and Lestock in 1746, to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* against Rear-admiral Mayne, and Captain Rentone, two members of the Court who had formerly tried him, and, both being arrested, the other members were highly incensed at this insult to their authority, and, having met twice in consultation, drew up resolutions on each occasion, expressing themselves with some degree of acrimony

against Chief Justice Willes. They forwarded their resolutions to the Admiralty, requesting they might be laid before the king, and demanded "satisfaction for the high insult on their president (Mayne) from all persons how high soever in office, who had set on foot this arrest, or in any degree advised or promoted it," and remonstrating, that, by the said arrest, "the order, discipline, and government, of his Majesty's armies by sea was dissolved."

The Lords of the Admiralty, participating in the feelings of the Court, instantly laid the resolutions before the king, who, being remarkably tenacious respecting military discipline, espoused the cause of the officers, and commanded the Duke of Newcastle, his principal secretary of state, to inform the Lords of the Admiralty, "that his Majesty expressed great displeasure at the insult offered to the Court-martial, by which the military discipline of the Navy is so much affected; and the king highly disapproves of the behaviour of Lieutenant Fry on the occasion," &c.

But the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was nothing daunted by these manifestations. No sooner was he apprised of the resolutions of the Court-martial, than he caused each individual member to be taken into custody, and he was proceeding forthwith to punish them for contempt of Court, and assert the dignity and authority of his office, when he was induced to stay his proceedings by the following apology, signed by the president and all the members of the Court:—

"As nothing is more becoming a gentleman than to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, so soon as he is sensible he is so, and to make satisfaction to any person he has injured; we therefore, whose names are underwritten, being thoroughly convinced that we were entirely mistaken in the opinion we had conceived of Lord Chief Justice Willes, think ourselves obliged in honour, as well as justice, to make him satisfaction as far as it is in our power. And, as the injury we did him was of a public nature, we do, in this public manner declare, that we are now satisfied the reflections cast upon him in our resolutions of the 16th and 21st of May last, were unjust, unwarrantable, and without any foundation whatsoever: and we do ask pardon of his lordship, and of the Court of Common Pleas, for the indignity offered both to him and the Court."

The apology was signed by Rear-admirals Mayne and John Bing, and fourteen captains, and it was ordered to be registered in the Remembrance Office: "a memorial," as the Lord Chief Justice observed, "to the present and future ages, that whoever set themselves up in opposition to the laws, or think themselves above the law, will in the end find themselves mistaken." The apology, and Judge Willes's acceptance, were also inserted in the *London Gazette* of the 15th November, 1746.

In commenting on this remarkable affair, Sir John Barrow expresses a doubt whether any Chief Justice of the present day would, for such an offence, have exacted such an apology; or, whether if he did, any body of naval officers assembled on such a public duty, would have submitted to make one of so humiliating a nature? We know not how this may be; but, with the above case on record, we imagine it would be difficult to find any body of naval officers so ignorant, or so wilful, as to bring about the necessity for such a step, by treating the authority of the superior Courts with contempt.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

THE natives were well acquainted with the effect of a musket, although not the least alarmed at having one fired off near them. Everything they saw excited their admiration, particularly the carpenter's tools and our clothes; but what appeared to surprise them above all other things was the effect produced upon the flesh by a burning-glass, and of its causing the explosion of a train of gunpowder. They perfectly understood that it was from the sun that the fire was produced; for, on one occasion, when Jack requested me to watch two or three strangers whom he had brought to visit us, I explained to him that it could not be done whilst the sun was clouded. He then waited patiently for five minutes, until the sunshine reappeared, when he instantly reminded me of the removal of the obstacle. He was a good deal surprised at my collecting the rays of the sun upon my own hand, supposing that I was callous to the pain, from which he had himself before shrunk; but, as I held the glass within the focus distance, no painful sensation was produced: after which, he presented me his own arm, and allowed me to burn it, so long as I chose to hold the glass, without finching in the least; which, with greater reason, equally astonished us in our turn.—*Major Mitchell.*

INDIAN COSMOGONY.

The Chippewayan Indians believe "that at first the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire and whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and on his approaching it, the earth instantly rose up and remained on the surface of the water."—*Mackenzie's Travels.*

TEASING WITH QUESTIONS.

Boswell says that Dr. Johnson could not bear being teased with questions. "I was once present," he says, "when a gentleman (the gentleman is supposed to have been Boswell himself) asked so many, as 'What did you do, sir?' 'What did you say, sir?' that he at last grew enraged, and said, 'I will not be put to the question. Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*: what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?' The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, 'Why, sir, you are so good, that I ventured to trouble you.' To which he answered, 'Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill!'"

EFFORT.

Thus it is, that God wills man to be great—that God wills man to be happy. *Effort* is the condition—*Effort* the means, *Effort* the vehicle and the hope of all that he is ever to be. *Effort* over nature—*effort* over the world—*effort*, especially, over *Himself!*—*Rev. G. Armstrong.*

TIME PRESENT.

The present moment is important chiefly as it affects those which are future; begins, or strengthens an evil or virtuous habit, depraves or amends the soul, hardens or softens the heart, and contributes in this way to advance us towards heaven, or towards hell. There is no man who is not better or worse to-day, by means of what he thought, designed, or did yesterday. The present day, therefore, is not only important in itself, as a season for which we must give an account, but because of the influence which it will have on the events of the morrow.—*Rev. T. Dwight.*

CONTENTMENT.

That lovely bird of Paradise, Christian contentment, can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal satisfaction; while "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," is the chief note of its celestial song!—*Swin.*

GOOD AND EVIL.

Why there is pain and death in the world, it has not yet pleased the Father to declare; but since his goodness is abundant, and his wisdom and power have no bounds, we cannot doubt but that the reasons, when they shall be made known, will attest some hidden wisdom, which Man is not yet able to comprehend. All that we yet know is, that everything exists by God's absolute decree: that evil exists; and therefore that evil exists by God's absolute decree. Why plagues and earthquakes have desolated the earth, why pain and guilt have troubled mankind, we may hope to learn hereafter; and till then we may wait patiently, since we see how beauty rises up out of the dust, how peace issues from woe, and how purity is wrought out of repentance.—*Martineau's Essays.*

INFANCY.

It may have been observed of children who are well treated, and in tolerably happy circumstances, there is a certain air of composure and confidence which we could call an air of authority in men, and which arises from their ignorance of fear, and their habit of finding themselves deferred to in many of their desires. These, blended with the consciousness of weakness, with the simplicity natural to their age, and the imperfect expansion of their mental powers, produce an expression of a most exquisite nature, but which though commonly seen, is most difficult to seize; this is what the older Italian painters have given, not perfectly, but in a very surprising degree. Some of the groups of angels hanging in festoons from clouds, will be found to present an astonishing variety of this sort of beauty.—*Judges of three years old, Soldiers of four, Philosophers of two.* But who shall paint this expression, equal to the remembrance of it, in the bosoms of those who have been most interested to observe it? Who that has closely and quietly observed the progress of an infant's mind, its development, by attaching itself like a woodbine to the old supports of the family; putting forth to-day a tendril; to-morrow, a bud; next day, a flower; who shall think of seeing it perfect in painting? In a child's face, curiosity and love stand like cherubs ready to fly from his eyes: his mind is ever active, and ever making new discoveries; ever rewarding its own activity, and ever seeking the assistance of others: it is the only agreeable view of existence; and to be melancholy in regarding a child, it is necessary to think of him when he shall be one no longer.—*John Scott.*

CONTROVERSY.

Controversy, indeed, is unfavourable to piety, and to every Christian feeling: it is too commonly the food of malevolence, rancour, and obstinacy; but the examination and comparison of the different parts of the Scripture, and the attention to the revealed counsels of God, which religious inquiry induces, are favourable to the growth of vital religion, and the impression of faith upon the heart; far more favourable, if we judge from experience, than a settled calm.—*Sumner's Apostolical Preaching.*

LIFE.

If length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation; reckon not upon long life, but live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation lives many lives, and will hardly complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow: make times to come present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy past times by present apprehensions of them; live like a neighbour unto death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on, join both lives together; unite them in thy thoughts and actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of his life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it.—*Sir Thomas Browne's Posthumous Works.*

GENTLEMEN.

Whoever is open, loyal, and true, whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement; such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found amongst the tillers of the ground.—*De Vere.*

DEATH.

Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.—*Omniana.*

BAPTISM IN RUSSIA.

In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing-room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water, surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and, after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice, or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigour has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of the children are baptised at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself: hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of Heaven.—*City of the Czar, by Thos. Raikes, Esq.*

MANUFACTURE OF TAR.

The machinery of the world could scarcely go on without tar; yet we seldom inquire how it is made. Fir-trees (*pinus silvestris*), which are stunted, or from situation not adapted to the saw-mill, are peeled of the bark a fathom or two up the stem. This is done by degrees, so that the tree should not decay and dry up at once, but for five or six years should remain in a vegetating state, alive but not growing. The sap thus checked makes the wood richer in tar; and at the end of six years the tree is cut down, and is found almost entirely converted into the substance from which tar is distilled. The roots, rotten stumps, and scorched trunks of the trees felled for clearing land, are all used for making tar. In the burning or distilling, the state of the weather, rain, or wind, in packing the kiln, will make a difference of 15 or 20 per cent. in the produce of tar. The labour of transporting the tar out of the forest to the river-side is very great. The barrels containing tar are always very thick and strong, because on the way to market they have often to be committed to the stream to carry them down the rapids and falls.—*Laing's Sweden.*

RUSSIAN HUMANITY.

At the defile of Annanour, a quarantine station, we met a poor peasant, overwhelmed with grief, prostrated before the commandant, and exclaiming, "My wife and parents are lying dead of the plague in the next village, I am afraid to bury them." The Russian instantly despatched a party of soldiers to set fire to all the neighbouring hamlets; and turning to me, said smilingly, "Tis my vocation." I gave the unfortunate sufferer a few roubles, which the commandant noticing, he laughed, and ridiculed the concern I expressed for the miserable Ossatinian. I subsequently mentioned the circumstance to Field-Marshal Count Paskewitch at Tiflis, who also laughed, and said, "You Englishmen are always inclined to regard with seriousness the veriest trifles!"—*Captain Mignan's Journey.*

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are; though the exact reverse is the case with most men.—*Life of Sir J. Mackintosh.*

IT WAGS ITS TAIL!

A humorist planted himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes riveted on the well-known lion that graces the top of Northumberland House in the Strand, and by exclaiming "It wags!—it wags again!" contrived in a few minutes to blockade the street with a crowd, all eagerly waiting till the lion should do them the honour of wagging his tail again!

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